little son and two daughters swim like tadpoles, and his wife will duck you three times to your once. He, big fat man, will dive with incredible grace and scarcely a splash, and stay below so long that you grow anxious. Everybody dries on the stones in the sun after having washed themselves as well as bathed. The women change the scant chemises in which they usually bathe, and slip on clean dresses with more decorum than you see on an English bathing beach. The men slip from one *pareu* into another. We all go home in the dusk, through the long grass and up the country lane, with the happiness of care-free children when the world was young.

Neaa's own views on morality are equally Tahitian. If he likes you, he will express them with a severe simplicity. They ought perhaps not to be written because they will not be understood, but something may be said. Old Tahiti

was not immoral because morality had never been defined. This chosen people never went to Sinai. The code which had formed itself among them was based not on fear, not on commandments graven with the finger of God, but on utter simplicity and love.